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Woman's Work

A Foreign Missions Magazine

CHINA

Vol. XXXV No. 1

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Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions

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Subjects for Auxiliary Meetings, 1920

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FEBRUARY	Chosen.
MARCH	Japan.
APRIL	Africa.
MAY	Latin America.
JUNE	Philippine Islands.
JULY	Review of the year—The Home Base—Orientals in the U. S. A.
AUGUST	China.
SEPTEMBER	India—Home Base—Outlook for the Year.
OCTOBER	India.
NOVEMBER	Siam.
DECEMBER	Moslem Lands—Syria and Persia.

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WOMAN'S WORK
A Foreign Missions Magazine

VOL. XXXVI DECEMBER, 1921 No. 12

Persia — Some Reversed and Unreversed Impressions

EDWARD MILLS DODD, M.D.

"PERSIA IS DEAD BUT THERE IS NO ONE TO BURY HER!" So said one of the influential Persian Ayan (land owner class) to one of our missionaries on one of my first calls in Urumia five years ago. He said it half humorously but with a good deal of meaning. This attitude of pessimism, of self-disparagement among the Persians, in speaking of their own country, was one of the traits which struck me among my first impressions. And others of our circle on the field can bear witness to similar impressions. I have never heard anyone disparage Persia more than do the Persians themselves. Nothing is more characteristically met with, when discussing some sad plight of public affairs, than to hear from them the remark, accompanied by an expressive shrug and gesture, "It is Persia!"

I remember a talk I had back in 1917 with a certain fiery young Ali Agha of Salmas. He was inveighing against his country's supine failure to resist foreign

Our missionaries in Hamadan, May, 1921. Photo. sent by Mrs. A. M. Barnes: 1. Dr. Lamme. 2. Miss Gardner. 3. Mr. I. O. Wilson. 4. Mrs. C. H. Allen. 5. Miss Georgia McKinney. 6. Miss M. L. Cowden. 7. Mr. C. H. Allen. 8. Miss Lillian McHenry. 9. Mrs. C. W. Lamme. 10. Miss Edna Guild. 11. Mr. Zoeckler. 12. Miss Jean Wells. 13. Dr. Funk. 14. Dr. J. D. Frame. 15. ——. 16. Miss Jones. 17. Mrs. Gifford. 18. Mrs. Muller. 19. Miss Huldah Bryan. 20. Mrs. I. O. Wilson. 21. Miss Pease. 22. Mrs. Rieben. 23. Mrs. Zoeckler. 24. Mrs. Bentley. 25. Miss Young. 26. Mrs. J. P. Cochran, Jr. 27. Mr. Rieben. 28. Mr. Dillener. 29. Burt Gifford. 30. Robert Gifford. 31. Mr. Gifford. 32. Jean Gifford. 33. Ruth Muller. 34. Miss Gifford. 35. Arthur Muller. 36. Mr. Muller. 37. Dr. J. P. Cochran, Jr. 38. —— Gifford. 39. Mrs. Dillener. 40. Mr. Bentley.

encroachments. "Would to God," he exclaimed, "we had done as Belgium did—had fought for our country and gone down fighting!" Again and again one hears from the enlightened Persians as well as from the poor and ignorant this note of discouragement and futility. On early and superficial impressions it may be a temptation to slip into accord with this view and to think perhaps that if Persia is not actually dead she is so near it as not to be worth bothering about. But to put down any country as hopeless would be to put down one's vision and faith as hopeless. In a British officers' mess in Mesopotamia a young lieutenant said to us, "There is nothing in Persia but oil, is there?" Nothing much perhaps in a material way, but there is something else a great deal more important than that.

There are somewhere near eight or ten millions of people. Mehmet and Hussein and Ali Akbar and Fatima and all the rest—in their very names stamped with the heritage of thirteen centuries of stagnation from Mecca—are just as human in their way as Tom, Dick and Harry. They are the victims of an idea, of a system, which is the opposite of what Christianity stands for, struggles for, and finally produces. Even if there were no visible sparks of life we cannot do less than did the pioneers in China or Africa who waited years for results. But there are sparks of life even in a discouraging Moslem country. The Persians' very self-criticism has an element of hopefulness in it. And those of our missionaries who know them best and have worked longest among them are by no means the most pessimistic. You would have hard sledding trying to convince our people in the Boys' School at Teheran that the Persians were hopeless, or lacked aspiration or the capacity for progress! And you would start an awful come-back if you advised Mr. Donaldson and Dr. Hoffman in Meshed to give it up because Persia was dead and unresponsive. How often have we heard some such remark as this, "Would that we could again have someone from America like Mr. Shuster to help us and to reform our government and set us on our feet without taking away our independence!" The very anti-British or anti-Russian feeling of the past few years is in part at least an indication of independence and ambition. So if one gets the impression that Persia, even though backward and sometimes discouraging, as she certainly is, is hopeless and not worthwhile, he had better reverse that impression. "He is not dead but sleepeth!"

There is another impression which I should like to see reversed. It is a surprise to hear people say, "Are you really going back to that awful country?" It is *not* an awful country. Awful things have happened during the war in certain regions—notably the comparatively limited region of North West Persia (Azerbeyjan), around Urumia—but such things are not the general order of the day. They were most exceptional. They were the work of the war, the fury of contending armies all snarled up with racial and religious and social antagonisms, intensified to the *nth* power. Racially, the population of Azerbeyjan is of Turkish rather than Persian stock and speaks a Tartar Turkish. And the proximity to Turkey and Kurdistan is like the proximity of tinder to spark. 1915 and 1918, with their Turkish and Kurdish invasions, were terrible years in the Urumia region,—years so stamped with horror that none of us who went through them can ever forget or belittle them—but they were not typical of Persia as a whole then nor of Persian history since American Missions have been at work there. The bulk of the country experienced nothing of the extreme conditions of Urumia, nor had Urumia herself seen anything like it before. We hope she never will again. Compared with her near and westward neighbor Persia's record previous to the war, as to the Christian populations and as to foreigners, shines by contrast. Traditionally, the Persian government and the Persian people have been remarkably tolerant of the Christian population.

though the latent intolerance of Islam must not be ignored. Massacre was not in the vocabulary of current events before the war. Persia is *not* an awful country.

Nor is it even an unfriendly country to our American missionaries. By and large I should say that it is a distinctly friendly country to us. I think some people have the idea that there is a good deal of anti-foreign feeling and hostility. There is some truth in this, but generally speaking "anti" doesn't apply to Americans. Again the Urumian situation with its tragedies, its misunderstandings, its fanatical hatreds, is an exception. Just what the prevailing feeling there is it is hard to say. We know that we have enemies as well as loyal friends. This fact presents, not a hopeless barrier but a problem—a problem to be gradually and wisely met with Christian service, Christian sincerity, and Christian patience, as soon as the re-occupation of Urumia Station is practicable. By and large I would say again the attitude toward us is friendly. If you want a good illustration of Persian friendliness just apply to the Zoecklers at Dolatabad near Hamadan. Experienced travelers will testify that courtesy is the rule. And personally, while we were trekking through Persia last December I don't know that any of us felt that we were in unfriendly country. Traveling as we did, by carriage, through the more or less forlorn villages, sleeping in the dirty mud houses, hobnobbing with the simple folk on the road, and conversing with rich and poor, most of them total strangers, I could not but feel the response to our friendliness. Hospitality is an outstanding Persian virtue. If anyone has the impression that Persia is a prevailingly unfriendly, inhospitable country to us let him promptly reverse that impression. I don't know of any one of us who has it at present.

Leader of the Ali Illahi sect in Persia and his son. The father is regarded as a prophet and receives offerings and homage from near and far. The son is an applicant for Christian baptism. The Mission has received some fine converts from the Ali Illahi, who are quite willing to hear the Gospel.

There is one of my own early impressions which I confess stands unreversed. It is no mere individual impression either, but bears the testimony of many another. The irate poet who on excellent authority is quoted as saying, "All Cretans are liars," probably had not visited Persia, or indeed some other Near East or Far East countries we could mention or he might have made his hasty generalization more comprehensive. Just before the war an international Boundary Commission, composed of Turkish, Persian, English and Russian officials, was moving up the frontier of the two countries mapping out the line. The leading Englishman tells a story of how first the Turks came to him and said that those Persians were absolute liars and that nobody could believe a thing they said; after which the Persians came to him and said that the Turks were the worst liars on the face of the earth and that you could not trust them for a moment. He laughingly said that both were right! It is a sad experience

to feel that lying, dishonesty, all manner of deceit, and in general the spirit of falsehood is so ingrained in a people as it is in Persia. There are men whose word in certain matters can be accepted, notably, it is pointed out, in the higher merchant class; but generally speaking, one has to be ever on the alert; and the disillusionments are many and discouraging. From the man who sells you your wood and the *meer-ab* (water master) who regulates, or deregulates your scanty flow of rented water, to the high-up *mullah* (Moslem ecclesiastic) and responsible government official, truth is at a discount. When it comes to a pinch, and often enough without much pinch, there is a tendency to deviousness, distortion and point-blank lying which is all too prevailing, and when this is accompanied by lively and hypocritical protestations it becomes disgusting. I have often wondered whether Islam or the inherent Oriental makeup is most to blame for this; and I suppose a conclusive opinion cannot be reached. Other Orientals, not Moslems, lie with habitual fluency and skill rather beyond the Anglo-Saxon comprehension. But certainly a religion which deliberately permits lying and dissembling under certain circumstances or by certain people has a lot to answer for.

Over against this it is well to state the recognition and respect the Persians have for people who habitually do tell the truth and act honestly. This applies particularly and almost unqualifiedly to their feelings toward our missionaries. They believe in our honesty and trust our word however else they may disagree with us. During the troublous times of 1918 in Urumia it was the American Mission and Relief drafts which were sought by high and low, Moslems and non-Moslems, as the best security for jeopardized funds. And we have a reputation for speaking the truth. I remember standing one day in our courtyard at Dilman, Salmas, where the wretched Kurdish refugees were about me. The crowd of ragged, half-starved Kurdish women were wailing and lifting their arms to heaven and beseeching me for more relief. I had told them that there was nothing more I could give them that day. They did not know us and kept on importuning. A young Persian fellow, a total stranger, happened by and stepping up bade them hush. "Don't you know," he said, "that when these people say anything they speak truth? They are not like us" (his exact words) "they mean what they say. Go away and come again some other time" —which they did.

Let me add another unreversed impression. Before going to the field I had heard of the heroism of those besieged in our Urumian compound in 1915, and of the power of the American flag over the gateway. Later, in 1918, when I was alone in the Moslem city of Dilman in an hour of utter panic, I saw it for myself. We had had a siege and there had been fighting about us when suddenly the Christian forces outside the city were victorious. The Persians (Moslems) in the city were terrified, expecting retaliation and massacre. With a rush they headed for our house and the flag over the gate —women and children and men, screaming and crying upon Allah and Ali and Hazreti Abbas, trampling and clawing and tearing down the narrow street. We filled our house and courtyard and then we put up another flag at the other end of the street. And on either side of the street the houses and courtyards between us and the other flag were filled with wave after wave of fleeing humanity. Again in 1919, following the Urumia massacre in May, when we went from Tabriz to Urumia with the Consul, Mr. Paddock, on the rescue expedition which safely brought away the remnant of six hundred Christian refugees and the Packard family, it was the American flag that rippled all the way at the masthead of that redoubtable little sea-going Ford; and it was the prestige of the flag which humanly speaking was a large factor in the result. The war and the aftermath of the war, with its spirit of lawlessness, its loss of old values, its wild Bolshevism, its insurgent religio-nationalism and its generally unre-

strained impulses, changed and disrupted much that had been. No form of official protection had the same standing for a time as our flag had. Its power waned for a time with the wane of all official authority and foreign prestige. It was no longer such an absolute guaranty of safety. But I look on all that as largely a passing phase, and even at its lowest ebb it was a partial and local depression of respect. Broadly speaking, America's name is still good in our part of the Near East. The extravagant hopes born of the armistice and shared with many another suffering nation could not be realized; and disillusionments and reaction followed. But the pendulum has been swinging back. Again it is unsafe to make a sweeping generalization. There are *pro* and *anti* anything in any country; but I believe there is a lot more *pro* than *anti*-America in Persia. This has its bearing upon our work. The attitude toward us as citizens of our country directly conditions the reception we receive. I think we would all agree that we are welcome almost everywhere. The door is open and, in spite of exceptions, there is opportunity on every hand.

Whenever anyone comes from Persia, he is immediately asked, "What are the conditions over there now?" I have got this down now so that I say right off, "Better," and then go on and explain. It would be a bold person, sitting at 156 Fifth Avenue, who would venture more than a sketchy summary of Persian political conditions, for they are kaleidoscopic. This much can probably be said without meeting too much denial by the time it gets to the field—that the danger of invasion by Bolsheviks and Turks which seemed impending a year ago has largely cleared away. The two Stations, Meshed and Tabriz, which were evacuated because of the threat of Bolshevik or Turkish occupation, have been reoccupied. And word has just come that Resht will shortly be reoccupied. The Urumia region is still, so far as we know here, in the hands of the notorious Kurdish chief, Simko—the murderer of the Assyrian patriarch Mar Shimon; and the Urumia station, though repeatedly visited, has never been fully reopened since the deportation of the American colony by the Turks in 1918. Simko's régime, however, is very circumscribed and cannot last indefinitely. No one can predict developments or the effect of sinister propaganda. But at present Persia for the most part is going ahead with its daily affairs in fairly normal fashion and the American missionaries likewise go about their work in normal fashion, as far as is possible.

A patient little woodcarrier.

I cannot close without a parting shot in behalf of the Near East Relief. I realize that generous people are becoming wearied with the reiterated appeals and the apparently endless needs. All I can say is that the

need in Persia for Syrians and Armenians still exists and was never greater in certain regions than now. I would mention two groups for whom urgent appeals are coming—one the Armenian exiles of the Caucasus who can be repatriated from Persia if there is money to set them on their feet, and the other the thousands of Syrians, who are stranded in Mesopotamia and who wish to get back into Persia but are not allowed to do so. All this means special need just now; and the Near East Relief is struggling uphill to meet its accepted obligations, to say nothing of fresh local crises and urgent cabled appeals.

Our Missionaries in Moslem Lands

AND POST OFFICE ADDRESSES

Urumia *being still in a disorganized condition, it seems best to give the names of the missionaries of that station with those at Tabriz, where mail will reach them.*

PERSIA

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Mrs. F. E. Hoskins,	Beirût
Mrs. F. W. March,	"
Mrs. J. H. Nicol,	"
Miss Margaret Doolittle,	Tripoli
Mrs. W. A. Freidinger,	"
Miss Clifford Halliday,	"
Mrs. S. D. Jessup,	"
Miss A. R. Kennedy,	"
Miss Harriet La Grange,	"
Miss Cbarlotte H. Brown,	Sidon
Mrs. Geo. A. Ford,	"
Mrs. H. R. Boyes,	Abeih, Lebanon
Mrs. C. A. Dana,	"
Miss Alice Doolittle,	"
Mrs. Paul Erdman,	"
Mrs. W. G. Greenslade,	"
Mrs. Leslie Leavitt,	"
Miss Carrie Nagley,	"
Miss Vivian I. Slawson,	"
Mrs. W. A. Stolzfus,	"
Miss Lois Wilson,	"
Mrs. L. M. Witherspoon,	"
Mrs. Wm. K. Eddy,	Aleppo
Mrs. G. C. Doolittle,	Mardin
Miss Agnes Fenenga,	"

Reinforcements: Miss Jane Doolittle, Miss Jeannette Jones, Mrs. L. M. Marker, Mrs. Paul B. Shedd.

In this country: Mrs. E. T. Allen, 509 E. Main St., Walla Walla, Wash.; Miss Bertha L. Amerman, 34 Holly St., Auburn, N. Y.; Mrs. F. L. Bird, 1422 West Ave. A, Los Angeles, Cal.; Miss Mary E. Burgess, Bement, Ill., Mrs. R. C. Byerly, 821 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. J. P. Cochran, 447 N. Hansberry St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. W. P. Ellis, 2029 Carleton St., Berkeley, Cal.; Mrs. H. P. Packard, 58 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. G. H. Scherer, 493 Manhattan Ave., New York City; Mrs. W. A. Shedd, 1320 S. 57th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CHANGES IN THE MISSIONARY FORCE

Arrivals:

Mr. Edwin Cozzens from W. Africa. Address, 10 Broadway, San José, Cal.

At New Orleans, Oct. 17—Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Allison from Guatemala. Address, 410 S. Buchanan St., Maryville, Mo.

Departures:

From San Francisco, Oct. 5—Miss Marion E. Hartness, returning to, Miss Effie Swier, to join the Chosen Mission.

From New York, Oct. 8—Messrs. Lawrence McGuffin, Paul F. Weidenheimer, Misses Edith Simpson, Vivian I. Slawson, Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Stolzfus, to join the Syria Mission.

From San Francisco, Oct. 12—Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Pratt, returning to S. China; Dr. and Mrs. O. F. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Booth, returning to Shantung.

From Vancouver, Oct. 13—Miss Helen Vaughn, to join the S. China Mission; Rev. and Mrs. K. Van Evera, returning to Central China; Dr. Caroline S. Merwin, Miss Christina Braskamp, Rev. Otto Braskamp, returning to Shantung.

From New York, Oct. 15—Rev. and Mrs. G. A. Landes, returning to, Miss Bessie Allen, to join the Brazil Mission.

From New Orleans, Oct. 15—Rev. and Mrs. L. P. Sullenberger, returning to Guatemala.

From San Francisco, Oct. 17—Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Steinbeck, to join the N. China Mission

From New York, Oct. 11—Mr. and Mrs. Mason Vaugh, to join the N. India Mission.

From New Orleans, Oct. 26—Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Spining, returning to Chile.

From New York, Oct. 21—Dr. W. S. Vanneman, returning to, Miss Irene Vanneman, to join the W. Persia Mission; Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Schuler, returning to E. Persia.

From New Orleans, Oct. 29—Rev. James Hayter, returning to Guatemala.

Death:

At Seoul, Oct. 29—Mrs. Horace G. Underwood, of the Chosen Mission. Appointed 1888.

"Servant of God, Well Done!"

Alice S. Barber

As noticed in Woman's Work for October, our much loved missionary, Miss Emilia Thomson, passed away last July. We are glad to give our readers, in condensed form, the fine memorial written by Miss Alice Barber for the Syria Mission Meeting.

The dates July twenty-fourth, 1839, and July third, 1921, mark the earthly and the heavenly birthdays of Emilia A. Thomson, daughter of Rev. Dr. William A. Thomson, of the Syria Mission. A "daughter of the land," according to the Arabic idiom, it was always interesting to watch her entertain visitors; conversing with one in French, with another in Arabic, and with a third in English, using each as if it were her mother tongue. Her quickness of repartee and knowledge of the proverbs of the Arabic language made her a brilliant conversationalist.

Miss Thomson's hold upon the Syrian heart was strong and sympathetic. When ill and obliged to deny herself the pleasure of seeing her friends in general she would admit certain Syrians in whom she was especially interested, and would be utterly spent in the endeavor to help them in their perplexities. From village folk of every calling have come expressions of sincere grief when they heard of her death.

In the Mission House, now a part of the American School for Girls, as a girl Miss Thomson spent many happy hours in her father's library, becoming acquainted with the great men of all ages, through biography and literature. She had an especial fondness for history and for science, hailing with joy each new discovery in scientific research. When a young girl, she went to America for further study, and she always spoke most appreciatively of the care bestowed upon her by Mrs. Pitkin, with whom she boarded in Albany, and of the congenial group of young girls there who called her "Emma." One of the treasures of the American School for Girls is a pencil sketch of Miss Thomson made by one of the earlier missionaries as she was distributing bread to the refugees from Damascus at the time of the massacres in 1860. In 1876 she became a member of the Syria Mission and went to Tripoli, where Miss La Grange had arrived. For three years she threw herself wholeheartedly into the work there, and then was asked to go to the school at Beirût to teach French. While in Tripoli she planted a pepper tree in the center of the playground which, as years passed, became its chief ornament; where happy children played in its shade and birds rested on its branches. When the writer arrived in Syria as a new missionary in 1885, Miss Thomson was the first one to greet her as she entered the school building and, during these many years, a warm friendship has existed.

During the years 1891-94, Miss Thomson was with her father in Denver. After cheering his last years on earth, she returned to her place in the school at Beirût and, from that time on, accepted no remuneration except her board. She resigned her connection with the school in July, 1914, and retired from active service, living with her nieces, the Misses Black, until February, 1919, when she opened a home for herself, every day in the week being an "at home" day for the people who thronged to see her.

One of Miss Thomson's strong characteristics was her generosity, which exceeded all ordinary requirements. After making bountiful provision for her benevolence fund she continually practiced self-denial that she might add to it. This was strikingly evinced during the war, when she systematically deprived herself of necessary food that there might be a little more for those in need. When taken to the hospital for temporary treatment as advised by her physician, it was found that she was suffering from cancer in an advanced stage. The last Sabbath of her life she participated in the communion service and, a week later, having long desired the Better Country, she fell asleep to awake in the Heavenly Home.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

If Bethlehem were here today,
Or this were very long ago,
There wouldn't be a winter time,
Nor any cold or snow.

I'd run out through the garden gate,
And down along the pasture walk;
And off beside the cattle-barns
I'd hear a kind of gentle talk.

I'd move the heavy iron chain
And pull away the wooden pin;
I'd push the door a little bit
And tiptoe very softly in.

The pigeons and the yellow hens
And all the cows would stand away;
Their eyes would open wide to see
A lady in the manger hay.

If this were very long ago
And Bethlehem were here today.

And Mother held my hand and smiled—
I mean, the lady would—and she
Would take the woolly blankets off
Her little boy so I could see.

His shut-up eyes would be asleep,
And He would look like our John,
And He would be all crumpled too,
And have a pinkish color on.

I'd watch His breath go in and out.
His little clothes would be all white;
I'd slip my finger in His hand
To feel how He could hold it tight.

And she would smile and say "Take care"—
The mother, Mary, would, "Take care";
And I would kiss His little hand
And touch His hair.

While Mary put the blankets back
The gentle talk would soon begin;
And when I'd tiptoe softly out
I'd meet the wise men going in.

—*Elizabeth Madox Roberts,*
Children's Garland in *The Atlantic Monthly.*

The "Sweet Story of Old" in Syria

Ottora M. Horne

Picture a Christmas scene without snow or frost or frozen earth; picture it over in this land of Syria, in the Mission Compound in Beirût, with its white buildings among waving palms, orange trees bearing luscious yellow fruit, roses in bloom, and the great poinsettia a mass of scarlet beauty! Picture the Christmas arches of greens and crimson bells on the platform in the big study hall. See the shepherds in their goat's hair or sheepskin cloaks, their quaint Eastern headdresses, their staffs beside them, sleeping there in the dim light.

Listen! A hymn floats out from the hidden first band of carollers: *"What Saw the Shepherds That Wondrous Night?"* And the drowsy shepherds stir in their sleep.

Then from a second band of hidden singers comes the answer: *"It Was an Angel the Shepherds Saw"*— and lo! the white-robed angel appears on the wreathen balcony above, followed by "A heavenly host, singing and praising God, and saying, 'Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy!' "

Then the shepherds clatter away to "see this thing which is come to pass," and the pageant moves on.

The wise men appear, robed in rich Oriental garb, crowned with gems. And as they stand together, bearing each his gift of gold, or frankincense, or myrrh, they tell us their story in the song:

"We three Kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar!"

Song answers to song, the scripture narrative fitting exactly into the story as it is given by angels, shepherds, wise men and carollers.

Then comes the crowning scene when the wise men, the shepherds and the carollers group themselves on the steps and about the platform.

We hear the opening chords of the beautiful hymn: *"O Come, All Ye Faithful!"* and lo! the heavenly host, too, appears, the gift-angel in their midst, and the gifts from every class in the school, from the tiny tots of the Primary to the dignified Seniors, are laid by the representative of each on the silver salver held by the gift-angel.

Then follows a succession of tableaux as the different verses are sung in unison and the Christmas celebration of the American School for Girls is pronounced by participants and visitors,—a great success!

Before the program by the main school was given the little ones and the Christmas Lady had a pageant of their own. Little Persians and Hindu, Chinese and Japanese, Esquimaux and Africans, came to visit the Christmas Lady and asked for the story of the Christ-child, which was told graphically and well by the Syrian pastor, and listened to by the mothers, the majority of whom were Moslems, sitting in the galleries above.

Participants in the pageant. Photo. sent by Miss Horne.

So they heard the sweet story in their own tongue; so they saw it portrayed in living pictures where were grouped their own dear children, who, day by day, are receiving the truth, line upon line, precept upon precept.

Pray that it may all be "as seed sown in good ground," and that the harvest time may come also to this vineyard of His where toilers have worked for so many years.

Beirût.

A Prison Without Bars

(Mrs. H. A.) Hilda T. Lichtwardt

I wonder if the girl lives who has never said, "Oh, if I were only a princess!" and then proceeded to picture a royal existence, unclouded by such sordid scenery as dishwashing and dusting! But none of us, in our wildest moments of wishing we could change places with someone—anyone who apparently has a more colorful existence than ours—could wish to be Princess Maryam Khonum, wife of a Persian governor.

Persia is divided into several provinces, each being ruled by a governor who is answerable to the Shah, but each in his own dominion is autocratic. Maryam Khonum is the wife of the Governor and his favorite wife. There is one other wife living with him and at least two divorced. When we wish to make a formal call upon Her Ladyship, we send a servant around to the Executive Mansion the day before to make an appointment for us. The next day when we go to call, on the other side of the high wall is a beautiful garden with trees, grass and flowers, and a small fountain in the center. At one end is an immense sort of hot-house affair, made of screen in which several orange and lemon trees are growing. The Governor exhibits this with the

greatest pride, telling how all the wood in the framework and all the screening had to be brought from India at an expense of four thousand dollars, but what of that?—by levying a few more taxes here and there it will soon be all paid.

Coming to the vestibule between the state reception rooms we find all the walls and doorways hung with priceless rugs. On to a little corridor, through another door, and along another corridor to a little garden. Through the garden, up a short flight of stairs, along a dark corridor, we come to a door before which hangs a rug, and we have reached the heart of the harem, a good five minutes' walk from the entrance. Khonum Maryam raises her ponderous weight from the pile of big, soft, red plush cushions where she has been sitting on the floor and greets us. "Peace be to you! Your coming is very welcome! May your eyes be bright! May your shadow never be less! In the name of God be seated here," indicating a seat very near herself (the seat of honor). Then while we are waiting for one of the several women servants to bring tea we listen to a perfect avalanche of questions:

The Persian lady out-of-doors.

The Governor's daughter
Photos. sent by Mrs. Lichtwardt.

"How is your respected health? and how is the little Khonum? and has she any teeth yet? and does she walk alone yet? and how is the health of the honorable doctor? may God give him long life!" And having exhausted herself she waits till the questions are answered. Then her quickly roving eye remarks a dress different from those she has seen before. "Oh, you have a new dress! No? then one I have not seen before. How much did you pay for it? But, Khonum, it is not of the new style? How long have you had it? two years? why do you not get another of the new style? There is much silk to be had in the bazaars, I am told." For although these ladies must cover themselves from head to foot with their ugly black *chuddars,* the finery below is dazzling to the eye. Those who can afford it never wear anything but silk, and such bright colors!—and heavy gold lace and gilt braid are much in evidence. It is generally supposed that the style of harem dress still follows the "ballet costume" introduced several years ago by Nassir-ed-din Shah, consisting of trousers and several very short skirts of diaphanous materials, and of various lengths, extending from the waist nearly to the knees. But the modern women wear more European dress, or in some cases still wear the trousers but with an European dress over it.

The conversation in a Persian harem is necessarily limited, but be sure that no group of American women ever discussed dress with any more avidity than two or three Persian ladies, and it is unusual for a foreign lady who calls not to be asked for some fashion plates.

And now we have had time to look about the room a bit. It is quite large,

with two long French windows opening on a little square of garden, is electric-lighted, and in one corner is a telephone. Milady's husband may trust his head-wife completely, but—he has this telephone connected with his own apartments in the far part of the house! The room is carpeted with beautiful rugs and the walls are also adorned with them. On the mantel over the fireplace are four or five mirrors, three alarm clocks, and some ugly pieces of crockery—all evidences of prosperity! Standing on an easel in the corner is a hideous crayon portrait of the Governor, placed there doubtless by himself as a constant reminder of his omnipotent presence. We look at the Khonum attired in a brilliant yellow brocaded satin dress of many flounces, trimmed with pink lace and narrow gilt braid, and wearing a splendid diamond and pearl lavallière, to say nothing of the huge diamond rings adorning her short fat fingers. Not to be filled with admiration would be to give offence, so we exclaim, "What a fine room you have, and how much better the electric lights are than kerosene lamps! and what a splendid dress you are wearing!" (for it is wonderful in her eyes!).

"Oh," she waves them all aside, "What good do they do me! Yes, I have a beautiful house and fine clothes and gorgeous jewels, and I myself am fat and beautiful, but what does it all amount to! I never can go out of this garden, except for an hour or two every morning when my husband drives all the men out of the yard, while I and the other wife are permitted to walk about the big garden. All my life I shall have to stay here, and when I die they will carry me out to the cemetery. I cannot go shopping, but when I desire anything from the bazaar I send a servant and she brings back several bolts of cloth, or samples for me to choose from. My husband has three automobiles, but I can never ride in them. I can receive all the (lady) visitors I want to here, but I can never return their calls. All day I sit here and sew for myself, or my little step-child, and crochet and embroider, and at our New Year's time I make all the little fancy cakes for the tea. Last year I made ten different kinds and made eight dozen of each kind."

Here the little step-child was brought in. She is the daughter of one of the divorced wives. She is a dear little girl, so fat and chubby, and very courteous; she makes her salaams by bowing nearly to the ground, and then quietly takes her seat and listens to the general conversation, with all possible interest. While all this has been going on we have been drinking the syrupy tea—five or six lumps of sugar to a small cup of tea make it sickishly sweet, but remembering that the more sugar they put in, the higher the honor with which we are held in the house, we endeavor to drink it. But now the Khonum has talked enough about herself, and so begins on us—

"How old are you? And how long have you been married? only three years? why didn't you get married before? didn't anyone want you because you were so thin?" Then turning to another guest —nearly as fat as herself, she says: "This lady has been married since she was fourteen and has had nine children, only two of them were girls!"

Now we have eaten the required amount of watermelon, cucumbers, grapes, and have reached the cigarette stage of the tea, so as we do not smoke, we may begin to talk about leaving. (After about three beginnings it is permissible actually to go.) "What! so soon! you have only just come!" Needless to show her that we have been "squatting" for over an hour—it is not within my understanding how the natives can sit in this most uncomfortable position for hours without the least discomfort!

At last we can say our final, "Now we are become dismissed, because we have caused you much trouble. May peace be to your household! May your eyes be bright! May your shadow never grow less! Our times and pleasure with your majesty have been very great and blest! Your kindness is very great. May God

be with you!" And so we leave her.

Once more we tread our way through the maze and back to the big gate. Once on the outside of the wall, our sigh of relief is purely involuntary. Away from that heavy air that awful "prison without bars," that eternal servitude to the Powers of Islam. Oh, that we might do more to free these poor unhappy women from their awful bondage! Never cease to pray that a day of freedom may speedily dawn for these unfortunates, for no country can truly prosper till this slavery is a thing of the past.

The Blessed Month of Ramazan

(Mrs. D. M.) Bessie Allen Donaldson

It is the month of Ramazan in Meshed, Persia, the month of fasting for all devout Mohammedans, and the month they call "Blessed." At the appointed time on the evening of the last day of last month, the Ramazan gun sounded and shouts went up from thousands of throats. The Blessed month had begun!

The fast of Ramazan is a turning of day into night and of night into day. As soon as the evening gun is heard, which this year is about seven-fifteen, all begin to devour the *Eftar,* the meal which breaks the fast. During sixteen long hours, the fasters have not had a particle of food nor a drop of water nor even a cigarette or the waterpipe. Many with ravenous appetites find they can swallow only a mouthful of food because the *rood* (gullet) is so dry that it cannot perform its function. Many others find they have no appetite whatever for the food they have been looking forward to so eagerly. Nevertheless, the food is ready and the night, until three A. M., is before them, to feast if they can.

Since most of the people have no clocks, the drums of the Shrine, which always announce the rising and setting sun, are beaten at midnight as a sign for people to begin the preparation of the *Sahar* or morning meal. This continues long enough and loud enough to waken everyone whether fasting or not. The bath-horns soon take up the strain with their harsh, discordant notes. Very soon, those of the devout who possess strong voices begin their shouting and singing of Arabic prayers or passages from the Koran, while others shout out selections from the poets. All these noises arouse the animals and to the general confusion is added the barking of street dogs, the braying of donkeys and the crowing of roosters. All this lasts until three A. M., when the Ramazan gun is sounded and all finish their eating. One day the gunner, through some mistake, fired the gun about ten minutes too soon. The next day he was duly beaten by some of those who had been led to break their fast. After the morning gun the noises gradually cease and the blessed night comes to an end, with everyone worn out and ready to sleep.

But what of the days that follow such nights? Go down the streets in the early morning and into the bazaars—almost every shop is closed. A few straggling pedestrians are to be seen, but for the most part the streets are as quiet as at night. About ten o'clock the city begins to show signs of life. Most of the first signs are audible ones, for the members of a fasting family are tired and irritable. The grown-ups scold at each other, calling the numerous bad names the ordinary Moslem always has very near his tongue's end, such as "Son of a burned father," or "Son of a dog," or "Born of a harlot." The mother scolds the children, and if they escape the beating which gives them a chance to add their contribution to the general tumult, sooner or later, reflecting the nervous condition of the parent, they begin fretting and crying.

On the main street of the city, the Bala Khiaban, or upper street, men and boys are louder than usual in their haggling over the price of a five-cent job of cobbling or a dollar's worth of bricks. The tongues loosen with the temper and word quarrels are frequent. Servants are

Crowd in the Shrine at Meshed during Ramazan. Photo. sent by Mrs. Donaldson.

much incapacitated. They slight their work, draw wages in advance, and cooks add more than usual to their accounts.

Fortunately, all do not fast. Children are excused, as are also invalids. Many, feigning illness, will give their doctor a small fee for writing a statement that the health of said person does not permit of fasting. Travelers are not obliged to fast, provided they travel a distance of about sixteen miles, so a great many go to see their relatives in nearby villages and towns, and call themselves travelers. This extensive visiting during the month results in a great deal of debt among poorer people. On the whole, there is a widespread tendency to ignore the fast, if a secret place may be found where those so desiring may eat.

But fasting is considered a great work of merit and many of the sincere are afraid to abstain for fear of losing some of their already unstable hopes of heaven. One washerwoman, when asked why she fasted when she was not very strong, replied, "What else can I do? I am afraid of God!" So it is with the ignorant and misled.

A War Reminiscence

Florence E. Murray

Hamadan's winter mud and summer's dust necessitate various changes of footwear, but the years of war did not facilitate sending shoes from home. As a result I had to resort to all sorts of "makeshifts." As I had absolutely nothing suitable for the mud, I interviewed a Persian shoemaker who carefully measured my pedal extremities and in just four weeks produced a pair of shoes,—a curious combination of French heels and Persian toes. I asked him to take my measure again and to make a suitable pair of *walking-shoes*. His efforts met with more success this time, for, by stuffing the toes with paper and putting on an extra heavy pair of stockings, I could walk without losing them. They were built on the order of the "pump," minus the high heels, narrow toes, and fine leather,—in fact, minus all the characteristics of pumps you might say if you saw them, except that they were evidently intended to be worn on the feet.

But my troubles were not past. There must be rubbers to protect the shoes. The Russian rubber is not "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," even if it did run up in price that winter to twelve *tomans,* which being translated, meant twenty-four dollars. It is a most useful article though, when it can be found in the right size. Not being able to buy the right number, I did what must be done in such cases, took the nearest I could get to a fit. I felt like a Cossack every time I put them on, but when I walked, a Bolshevik! I might stop a moment to expatiate upon the Persian mud but I fear that words would fail. One simply has to experience it to understand what mud is. With my new shoes and rubbers I ventured out one day. I spent most of my time hunting for my rubbers and putting them on again. An English "Tommy" —how my heart warms towards him!— seeing my predicament, came to the rescue with a piece of stout twine. Winding the cords around my shoes and rubbers I made my way through the mire. From that time binding twine, hemp cord, anything in the line of small rope, became a part of my foot toilet, and whether I went to church or station meeting, or out calling, it mattered not, my Persian shoes and Russian rubbers, decorated with a double-bow-knot of heavy cord went also.

As the mud increased and accordingly the burden was heavier to carry on my feet, I conceived the idea that rubber boots would suit all occasions better than anything else, and with so many soldiers here surely the supply would be ample. After several inquiries, I set out to explore. "Supplies" had none. Food was their specialty. "Ordnance" sounded hopeful, so I interviewed the courteous lieutenant in charge there. Yes, he had boots, but unfortunately each one was faulty just at or below the mud line, but would I not like a few pieces of granite ware? Looking in the direction of my feet, in all seriousness, he offered me two wash-basins, which, as he did not offer towels and soap, I accepted with equal gravity. Adding numerous other small articles I was ready to depart, but first must meet in the way a dignified Colonel who extended his hand in greeting. He did not get either one of mine, however, for both were full, not with the hoped-for boots, but with booty. (Excuse me!) Both officers wanted to get a boy to carry my burdens but, being familiar with the Persian language, I insisted that I should have no trouble as the streets would be full of boys who would be glad to carry the things. If the exception proves the rule it was surely proved that day, when no children, large or small or middlesized, were out to decorate the landscape. So, looking like an annex to a hardware store, I made my weary two miles home. Mrs. Hawkes finally spared for me a substantial pair of shoes.

Miss Cowden and Miss Johnson also had serious difficulties with shoes and rubbers, so then we enacted daily the drama of "The three old women of the north with their one eye." When I wore boots the other two remained at home or ordered donkeys. The winter wore away and as the spring sun dried up the pools and puddles, we all appreciated a little of Noah's feelings as he saw dry land once more. There often came to my mind Wordsworth's line: "Alas! what boots the long laborious quest?" which became, "Alas, what boots!" But we were grateful when we could say, "Oh! Joy! we have one pair of boots!"

Hamadan.

At a Fountain in Syria

Nan Kennedy

We were riding at noon on a mid-August day. It was hot of course but a strong west wind was blowing. I watched a little piece of it turn into a whirling dervish and start all the twigs and pebbles and dry things to dancing. It was fun to watch it coming along the rocky, bare slope, on its winding course toward us— such a very strong, determined little whirlwind that I wondered if it might not

start our four horses to dancing too. But before reaching us it took a sudden swerve to the right and I turned in my saddle to watch it traveling on toward Damascus.

Abu Faris, the colporteur, and our guide on this missionary journey, had promised that at about four o'clock we would come to a fountain. So we had decided to stop there to rest and have tea. This was our nearby goal, but it seemed a long way off, as we meandered along the age-old trail. I tried to think of the caravans of armies and merchants and pilgrims through the years and years who had traveled this famous route between Damascus and Jerusalem—still roadless. We only met one horseman, who greeted us in English. The scenery was all much the same—up and down the lower slopes of southern Mount Hermon and in and out between the rocks, no trees—just low, scrubby bushes. I must have been seeing my dream caravans for a long time, for I was startled by a whirr of wings, and seven partridges rose from the ground quite near us. Not long after, reaching the top of a little rising ground, we found ourselves on the edge of a long stretch of land—now parched and brown, but it must have been a lovely green meadow in the spring. In the center of it stood a wide stone foundation, and a little distance to the right a large threshing floor, full of movement and color — blowing grain and red-coated men.

After at least five minutes we reached the fountain but found not a drop of water! It was quite dry. We had with us a round, canteen-like bottle made of pottery, and our boy, Ismaeel (in red jacket and sash and black baggy trousers), was quickly sent off in the direction of an approaching line of women, carrying big jars of water on their heads. We took grapes, bread, olives, sugar, tea and "Sterno" from our saddle bags, and were preparing to start in on the grapes to quench our thirst, when we heard the sound of galloping, and looking up saw a horseman coming from the threshing-floor. In about two seconds he stopped short in front of us, swung off his horse, and told us that he was the sheikh of the village, that the inhabitants were Druzes and that they wanted an American school there. He fairly beamed on us and showed a mouthful of gold teeth as he talked a queer sort of English picked up from the streets of numerous cities in the United States. He sat down with us on the stone coping of the fountain and when the water that Ismaeel had brought was boiled, we gave him a cup of tea.

By this time at least a dozen men and boys from the threshing-floor had arrived, and the women watercarriers too. We were hungry, thirsty and tired and I am afraid at first did not think very much about those who were so carefully watching our every movement. We were used to being gazed upon. I was wondering how the women could stand so long with those heavy jars on their heads, when the sheikh said to me: "Talk to them. They want to know what you are like."

So, in my far from perfect Arabic, I said, "Don't you see I'm not so different from you? I have hair and eyes and a mouth too!"

They laughed, and soon we were chatting a bit. When the sheikh found out about us and what we were doing on our journey, he begged us to come to the village and have a meeting, and then spend the night with him.

"I gotta nice house—all right," he said.

We had planned to get on to Mejd-el-Shems that evening before dark, and with only two days more it seemed best to stick to our plan. But Abu Faris drew an Arabic Testament from his pocket, and to the little crowd of peasant men and women read Words of Life that will surely take root and grow in some hearts, if not many. Then, he told the sheikh how to go about making his request for a school.

The sheikh rode with us across the rest of the meadow—five of us abreast, treading the soft turf, and facing the late afternoon sun. He showed us the path and then turned to go back to his people.

SIDON GIRLS' SCHOOL.

EDITORIAL NOTES

To our loyal Secretaries of Literature we are looking for the energetic co-operation which will bring to Woman's Work, *before Tuesday, February twenty eighth,* the increase in subscriptions of twenty per cent., for which we asked in October, and which will enable our magazine once more to report a triumphantly successful year. Some of these secretaries are reporting that their fall canvass for new and renewed subscriptions has been made very difficult by the competition of other magazines. Our Presbyterian women are known to be readers as well as givers. A thorough canvass of the church women has been carried on by both monthly magazines and weekly papers which claim to cover just the same ground as Woman's Work, and also to include other topics. To our regular readers we do not need to explain how erroneous this claim is. Those not so well informed need only to compare one issue of their own magazine with other periodicals, which give perhaps a page of little incidents of mission life, to convince themselves that Woman's Work, with its comprehensive articles and illustrations from each foreign field in its turn, lists of women workers with their addresses, chronicles of the movements of individual missionaries, information about recent literature, Board and District plans and activities in every direction in this country, suggestions for organization methods, editorial comment, etc., etc., is an indispensable handbook to every Presbyterian woman who cares for missions. Writing to another department at headquarters, a correspondent says: "Woman's Work grows better and better every month," and many write that they can not afford to do without it.

Of peculiar interest, in connection with the October gathering of the Executive Committee of our Woman's Board, was the visit and brief address of Miss G. A. Gollock, associate editor of *The International Review of Missions,* who came from London to attend the international conference lately held at Lake Mohonk. Miss Gollock is a beautiful speaker. Her pleasant voice and exquisite enunciation add charm to the force of her message. She gracefully said that in visiting mission circles in the United States she had received far more than she gave and that she planned on her return to gather the English women workers together and tell them of American methods. She contrasted the concentrated field of effort in the British Isles with our widely scattered territories, spoke of the question there and here of men and women workers, whether they should work side by side in a spirit of unity or, as she thought would eventually be the case, become really amalgamated into one body of workers. Each country, said the speaker, must decide upon the method which would best forward its work. Like Queen Esther, our women face both perils and possibilities as they come to "such a time as this." They must face the problem of the awakening women of non-Christian countries who can be helped by women of the West as they never could be by men. Women are slower than men to recognize the importance of relationships, they handle details well, are excellent in administration, never slackers. But concentration exclusively on one's own work is a serious fault. Women should keep in close relationship with the life of their own Church, and also with that of other churches. She had seen a High Church Anglican, a Congregationalist and a Friend who had all worked for years in Madagascar, meet for the first time in England, and derive great benefit from their comradeship. Women should keep in mind, too, international relationships—this was easier in

England than in the United States. There one met in conference with French, Swiss, German, Danish, Norwegian, Dutch, Swedish and other nationalities, all must be welded together, on the field and at home. Women must have international outlook, care as much for others' work as for our own. Then women are apt to over-organize, we must see to it that our work does not become just a complicated piece of machinery, so big that there is not steam enough to make the wheels go round. We must keep in light marching order, must not be wedded to any special methods but be ready to adopt any simpler, better, more modern way brought perhaps by "new brooms" from some of the wonderful American woman's colleges.

It is with the deepest sympathy that her friends in the East have heard of the serious accident which has befallen Dr. Mary Fulton in the breaking of her hip. Dr. Fulton's years of splendid service in China brought to her the loving gratitude not only of the many suffering women and children whom she helped there, but of the whole Church in this country. Since her retirement from active service she has been living in Pasadena, Cal.

The Editor can not truthfully deny that she turned green with envy when she saw a few months ago the wonderful pictures of Persia in *The National Geographic Magazine,* nor that she became a shade greener — or perhaps another color!—when she saw under these photographs the names of some of our own missionaries! Why, oh, why—but perhaps her reflections and queries had better not be spread upon the printed page!

The interesting photograph on page 265 of the missionary group temporarily assembled at Hamadan was sent by Mrs. Muller to Mrs. Barnes of Philadelphia, in May. During the period from October, 1920, to February, 1921, a large number of our missionaries, new and old, started from this country for Persia. Landing at Bombay, India, it was only by slow degrees that detachments could push on by caravan into Persia. When this group picture was taken in Hamadan, Mr. and Mrs. Wysham had already gone on to Teheran, Dr. and Mrs. Coan, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher were still in India. In her letter Mrs. Muller gives vivid impressions of visits with Dr. and Mrs. Wanless, the Richardsons, etc., in India, and in Bagdad with the McDowells, who at one time were caring for no less than twenty-four transient guests. We wish we had space to quote more fully from the letter but our fine articles received from two fields, Syria and Persia, with news of the home end of our work, crowd our December number to bursting!

Letters from Mrs. F. E. Hoskins, of Beirût, Syria, tell of the opening of the renovated Lebanon Sanatorium and the improvements there made possible by Jubilee gifts. Mrs. Hoskins sends new pictures of the fountain, around which the patients love to sit, the placing on the Hamlin Memorial of the tablet in memory of the late Rev. Dr. T. S. Hamlin, of Washington, D. C., and the renovated buildings. She speaks, too, of mailing an article describing the opening exercises on Dr. Mary Eddy's birthday, but alas! the article has not appeared in time to be set up for our December number. We shall hope to use it in a later issue.

Already responses are coming in to our Prize Contest, announced in November. We look for a good sheaf of practical, valuable and stimulating suggestions to offer to our readers.

Our new work in Syria at Aleppo and Mardin is now firmly established. Mr. Doolittle writes of the many nationalities represented there and that among the languages one hears are Armenian, Arabic, Circassian, English, French, German, Kurdish, Turkish and Yiddish. Truly our mission workers here and abroad need that "international mind" of which we have been hearing so much.

The Book Stall

JULIA L. MILLS

MONTHLY TOPIC FOR JANUARY: CHINA

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ATTENTION, BOYS AND GIRLS!

EVERYLAND, the magazine of World Friendship for the boys and girls of the world, will be resumed under the management of the Central Committee of the United Study of Foreign Missions with *Mrs. H. W. Peabody as Editor in Chief.* It will be issued monthly (except July and August) and the first number will be the Christmas number coming out in December, 1921. *All unexpired subscriptions of the old* EVERYLAND *will be filled out by the new* EVERYLAND. The magazine will be a beautifully illustrated *Missionary* magazine (Home and Foreign) with stories, hand work, methods and of course a "Finding out Club," by Aunt Helen. It should be in the hands of all our Presbyterian boys and girls and leaders of children's work. *An ideal Christmas Gift.*

Send your subscriptions at once to Miss M. D. Leavis, West Medford, Mass., or to your depository. The price is $1.50 per year, single subscription; $2.50 for two subscriptions; $1.00 in clubs of five; single copies, 15 cents. The magazine is good for a Christmas card to your Sunday-school class or young friends.

DO NOT FAIL TO ORDER THE NEW LITERATURE FOR CHRISTMAS!

Buy it for yourself—send it to your friends.

THE LITTLE PRINCE HAS A "JESUS BIRTHDAY" . . . . . 10c.
All in its bright holly cover this story for boys is a gift sure to please, it is true, too.

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A delightful program for children.

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A Chinese boy and Chinese girl. Their happy faces show how much they like our Mission Schools.

THE CHILDREN'S CHISTMAS PRAYER . Free
To be used with the Christmas Offering.

The 1922 YEAR BOOK is out . . 25c.

All the missionary maps are here . . 5c. ea.
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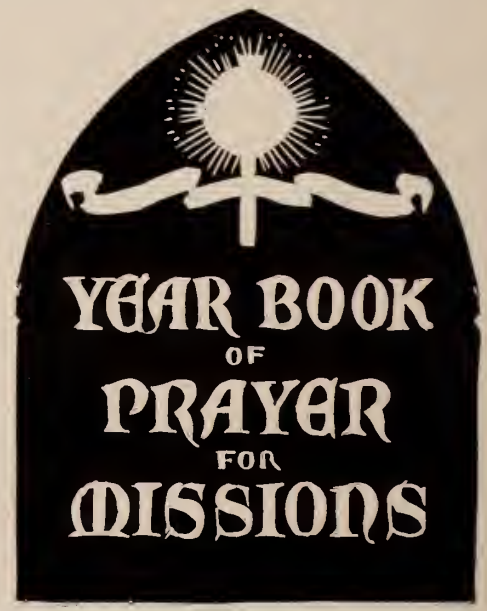
If you have not sent for the Annual Report, do so at once.

PEN PICTURES NOW READY . . . . 10c. ea.

West Africa, Kiangan, China,
Shantung, China, North India,
Hainan, China, West India,
Chosen (Korea), Punjab, India,
South Brazil.

PEN PICTURES OF STATIONS . . . . 5c. ea.

Note:—After January 1, 1922, the Pen Pictures will be 15c. each.



With Presbyterian Young People

Letters in large envelopes, letters in small ones, letters addressed in bold and flowing hand, and letters bearing the delicate writing of an age that is passing, letters with impersonal typewritten address, welcome letters, very welcome, the mail brings us from you, you who are really making the missionary program a vital, living thing in your churches. Will you share with me some of the recent mail and see how gifts of artistic ability, imagination, initiative and social tact are laid on the altar of missions that a neighbor or friend may see the vision and put her hand to the task? Let us begin with this from the Kathryn Doane Club, a Young Woman's Society of Clarksburg:

"The tables were lovely with the decorations of autumn leaves and flowers, the lights were dimmed; covers were laid for two hundred. For the program a room was attractively arranged in a Japanese setting, with a tree of pink cherry blossoms in the center, while to the sides were smaller trees of the same blossoms and overhead were hung huge Japanese lanterns."

Isn't this from the Young Woman's Secretary of Philadelphia Presbyterial Society, encouraging? "One society tripled its apportionment." Two members of another organized a Westminster Guild. The society of the Princeton church of Philadelphia, gave an operating table and dressing carriage to the Temple Hill Hospital in Chefoo, China, as a memorial to one of its members. "Great spiritual interest is shown in all the meetings," writes another.

The Young People's Branch of the Missionary Societies of the Pittsburgh Presbyterial meets once a month in the afternoon but, to please the men, last summer it held its regular meeting at night and combined it with a farewell reception to its missionaries. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hezlep, to whom they gave a miniature automobile representing the real Ford, which they took with them to India.

The Westminster Guild missionaries would have been surprised to see their doubles if they had appeared unexpectedly at a Tea Party at which a Chapter entertained all its missionaries. Girls impersonated the missionaries, other girls pretended to have visited the stations. These guests were received and introduced to the girls of the chapter and then over the tea cups each told something about her work or her visit. Some interesting pictures were passed around. "Harriet Stroh" told not only about her work in Hwai Yuen, but also about her trip up to Shoudjou. The meeting was such fun that the girls felt repaid for their search for personal material on which to base their conversation. They scanned back files of *Westminster Guild Bulletins*—they found their Presbyterial Guild Secretary had these—Woman's Work, *Home Mission Monthly.*

A letter from the Far West tells about the happy time an Endeavor Society is having with a reading circle. They meet Sunday afternoons at five in their cosy room by the fireplace. One of the girls reads aloud the story of *The Moffats,* by Ethel Daniels Hubbard, and so intensely interesting is it proving that they don't even want to stop for the lunch which the girls have prepared for the social hour.

Boys are busy about missionary affairs too; one Intermediate Christian Endeavor Society down in Kentucky took a fruit jar, sealed the top on, and then cut a slit in the lid just the size of a penny. Every one was asked to save their pennies for the Missionary Jar which was passed every Sunday night. During the summer months more than half their apportionment was saved in this way.

This fascinating work in which we share is being carried on in so many ingenious ways that it is not strange that we watch the mail which comes from you.

Faye A. Steinmetz.

HOME DEPARTMENT

Activities in the Districts

(Mrs. Chas. K.) Mabel M. Roys

Northwest District has been called to mourn the loss of three of its former officers, one of whom was still active in the work of the District Committee: Mrs. H. H. Forsyth, Mrs. W. S. Candee and Mrs. Thos. E. D. Bradley. Mrs. Forsyth died at her summer home at Harbor Point, Mich., July 25th, aged eighty-four. She was President of the Northwest Board for many years, having followed her mother, Mrs. Hoge, in that office. Up to the time of the union last year of the six Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions, Mrs. Forsyth was President Emeritus of the Board of the Northwest.

Mrs. Candee became a member of the Board of Managers of the Northwest Board in 1895. In 1896 she was elected to the office of Corresponding Secretary, which office she held until 1906, when she was made a Vice-President of the Board.

Mrs. Thos. E. D. Bradley's connection with the Board of the Northwest began in 1899 as a member of the Board of Managers. She was made Recording Secretary in 1902 and Treasurer in 1905. Mrs. Bradley continued as Treasurer through the consolidation of the Boards and was elected Treasurer of the new District Committee. During her sixteen years of service as Treasurer, about two and one-half million dollars of missionary money passed through her hands. Mrs. Bradley was an unusually efficient woman. Her steadiness of purpose, good judgment, optimism and progressive spirit made her always a wise leader and counselor. Her cheery presence, ready helpfulness and discriminating counsel will be greatly missed.

Miss Hodge, who represented our Board at the Colorado and Nebraska Synodical meetings, stopped between trains for a conference of a few hours at Chicago headquarters. Mrs. Chas. K. Roys, our General Secretary, who came to Chicago to attend a meeting of the Yenching College Committee, spoke at the Friday Morning Meeting, October seventh, and met with the Hospitality Committee at a luncheon conference.

Dr. and Mrs. Roy H. Brown, of the Philippines; Rev. and Mrs. Ross Wilson, of Forman Christian College, Lahore, India; Mrs. W. H. Weiser doing social work in Cawnpore, India, and Rev. Howard Campbell, of Chiengmai, Siam, are all in Chicago this winter. Dr. Brown, Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Weiser are taking work at the University of Chicago. Dr. Campbell is studying at McCormick Seminary. We are enjoying them at our Friday morning meetings and they are generously giving some time for speaking appointments in Chicago and vicinity. Dr. and Mrs. Brown also gave help at the synodical meetings of Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota and Wisconsin. Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Pieters, of Chairyung, Chosen, are spending the winter in Howe Furlough Home, Howe. Ind.

A particularly strong piece of work is being done in Montana by our Synodical Westminster Guild Secretary, Mrs. J. N. Maclean, for the Presbyterian students in the State University at Missoula. She writes: "October second, was Student Sunday in our church and as Chairman of the Student Entertaining Committee I placed two hundred students for dinner in the homes of our families. We have two hundred and fifty students who are Presbyterians. I reached every student, some on account of work at dormitories could not accept, but two hundred attended church and were taken home for dinner. All the girls were called upon by their hostesses and many of the young men were seen, as well as telephoned to, aside from the invitation. It was a big piece of work but the result was worth while. It just looked like a college mixer of the church when the students were locating their hostess. It was inspiring to see the church packed with students. The University Westminster Guild girls did a great deal to help last week and are going to do the calling as they did last year and invite the girls to the University Bible Class, Christian Endeavor and the Guild."

Since the North Pacific District was compelled to forego the further service of Mrs. Boudinot Seeley as student representative, they congratulate themselves upon securing the service of Miss Catherine Burnside. Miss Burnside was graduated from the University of Washington in 1918, and comes with the college girl's viewpoint. Representing student committee at Seabeck Conference, she conducted denominational conferences in a manner which created favorable comment and returned with many splendid angles of thinking. The student committee has her as chairman, Mrs. Ralph McAfee, secretary, and Mesdames Linn, Bowman and Williams, as the members.

The District considers the visit of Miss Mary Eliza Clark in North Pacific colleges during October and November among its choice blessings, from which results are hoped for in many ways. Miss Clark will have visited some twelve or fifteen schools including state universities, agricultural colleges and normal schools, and in each case Miss Burnside will be supplying her with names of key girls and keeping tab on findings. Four cities, Portland, Seattle, Spokane and Moscow are ar-

ranging Y. P. rallies and dinners where Miss Clark will meet the Presbyterian young people.

Missionary Education is receiving real impetus in this District. Synodical meetings have been made educational and methods conferences to a great extent, Presidents and their committees working with real vision to meet the needs of their women, young people and children. Following Synodical meetings, conferences in connection with the New Era Committee will be put on in many churches. Teams of men and women will cover various localities conducting day institutes for leaders, both men and women, where the inspirational as well as educational will have place. A sincere effort is being made to take this form of aid to the more remote areas of the vast northwest which often are missed because of their inaccessibility. Rev. James H. Speer, D.D., and the Rev. Weston T. Johnson will represent New Era; Mrs. C. W. Williams the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions and local women the various other angles and interests. Synodical Secretaries for Overseas Sewing are being elected and supplied with an attractively made packet of supplies, including lists from the doctors carefully worked out, the new leaflets, and general instructions. Inquiry can be made by our constituency through the office, or of Mrs. Edna Churchill, District Over Seas Sewing representative.

Reading lists and leaflets are off to every auxiliary in three states, accompanied by a letter from the Executive Secretary. This will result in a greater amount of directed, prayerful reading this winter and a greater sense of responsibility on the part of women in the missionary societies for the reading of young people and children.

In Southwest District Missouri Synodical Meeting convened at Webb City with Miss Hodge representing the Woman's Board and Miss Jane Thompson of India as the missionary speaker. Missouri has just completed her first year of Overseas Hospital Work and brought a splendid report of supplies sent to the hospital at Ichowfu, China. Kansas, Texas, and New Mexico have all held highly profitable meetings. Miss Hodge and Mrs. D. S. Hibbard, of the Philippines, were present at the Kansas meeting; Mr. O. W. McMillen, of China, was the missionary speaker for Texas, and Mrs. Faris represented the Board of New Mexico. The last named state reported the best attendance ever had at synodical meeting. In that great state of magnificent distances, few railroads and exorbitant railway fares, probably the highest in the United States, it has always been difficult to secure adequate representation at synodical and presbyterial meetings. Consequently there was much gratification over the unusually large attendance this year. Oklahoma and Arkansas meetings have not been held at this writing.

Mrs. Lindsay is engaged in some intensive field work in Missouri, having just closed a very successful itinerary in Kirksville Presbyterial. Miss Jane Thompson, missionary of the Missouri young people, is making an itinerary in Missouri in the interests of young people's work. Miss Lucy Starling, of Siam, was speaker at the District Prayer-meeting in September. Visitors to headquarters included Rev. Edward Haymaker, returning to Guatemala, and Dr. and Mrs. Leroy Heimburger, of China. Throughout the District much interest is being shown in the Overseas Hospital Work and all synodicals societies are now well organized for it, giving promise of effective work during the fall and winter.

Occidental District also has had the presence of Miss Mary Eliza Clark, Student Secretary. Mrs. F. M. Harris, Chairman of the District Student Committee, outlined a heavy schedule for Miss Clark, who begun with a series of "events" in the region of San Francisco Bay. One of her first engagements was a dinner given by the Student Pastor of the University of California (Berkeley), Rev. Lewis Hillis. Presbyterian girls of the College met Miss Clark at a jolly, informal dinner, presided over by the Chairman of the Student Committee, and then listened to her outline of the glorious challenge thrown down by our Church to the Young People. Miss Clark is a Californian and her home state welcomes her warmly even as it urges her on to a stiff schedule.

The two Young People's missionaries who are at home on furlough, Miss Florence Pike (California) and Mrs. Jessie Lee Ellis (Utah), are kept busy meeting the demands of the Young People who own them.

Occidental District has been planning to specialize on Children's Work through the coming winter, hence it was with deep satisfaction that word was received from New York Headquarters indicating that the National Children's Department was aggressively astir. One of the little blue banners to be awarded to the presbyterial society, showing the greatest increase in Light Bearer activities during the year, is even now on its way to Arizona where, in Bisbee, on the 11th or 12th of October, it will know its fate.

Presbyterial District Meetings will be held in October and November in different sections of several of our presbyteries. Riverside, Santa Barbara, and huge San Joaquin requiring eight District groups, have followed this plan for many years with delightfully satisfactory results. Benicia is adopting the plan this year.

One of the results of cooperation in California was a meeting held in Fresno in September, attended by twenty-one California representatives of the Church Boards. The two women present represented the National Boards of Woman's Home and Woman's Foreign Missions. Beginning at ten A. M. and closing at eleven in the evening, the time was spent in facing the entire work of the Church as it pertains to all the Boards. The needs of each department were discussed from the viewpoint of all departments.

Those who had the joy of being part of the High School Girls' Retreat feel that it was unique. It was decided upon last spring and held in the glory of the California autumn—September 30th to October 3rd. Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall, big-hearted Presbyterians, lent their beautiful bungalow, "Surfside," on the Pacific Ocean beach about thirty miles from San Francisco. There the twenty-four girls

were entertained as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Newhall, every physical comfort and want (even to bathing suits!) being supplied.

Pastors, parish workers, and presidents of missionary societies "about the Bay" had been asked to send the names of church girls who had displayed elements of leadership, from which twenty might be chosen—a difficult task! Twenty-four went. During that happy week-end they had brought before them very definitely though informally: "Why?"—"Why *think* about the overseas countries in our planning" was brought out by Mary Eliza Clark. "Why I am going," by Dr. Marion Lockwood, a "volunteer" who leaves next year for Medical service in India. "Why I went (and am going back)," by Florence Pike, at home from China on furlough. "Why I stayed," by Mrs. S. G. Wilson, whose many wonderful years in Persia furnished the background. "The answer to the 'Why?'" was given by Mrs. Sohm and Miss Wong, two young Chinese women, in beautiful Chinese costume, both graduates of True Light Seminary and Mrs. Sohm, also of Canton Christian College. These choice young women were guests of the girls through the Conference; and—"I consider it one of the outstanding privileges of my life to have known them," said one girl. The Sunday evening service by the fireplace, with the waves rolling in just below us, was the climax. Dr. Remsen Bird, President of Occidental College, said a wonderful "few words," and Dr. Lynn T. White, Professor of Sociology in San Anselmo Theological Seminary, focussed the experiences of the preceding days in a quiet talk which combined normal "balance" and stirring enthusiasm to a degree which fairly gripped the eager girls. We know that our Candidate Department will, 'ere long, realize in a definite way the results of the "High School Girls' Retreat" at "Surfside."

Occidental District Monthly Meetings continue to be as popular as were the old-time Board meetings. Still held at 920 Sacramento Street, the auditorium is filled with the several hundred women from about the Bay. October meeting was one of unusual interest. In addition to the usual "set" program was the enthusiasm aroused by youth and girlhood *en masse*. A large group of young women parish workers, girl students from San Anselmo Theological Seminary, preparing for missionary service; girl students from Westminster Graduate School, preparing for missionary and church service, and the girls who had just returned from the High School Girls' "Retreat" were guests of the Occidental District throughout the meeting and at luncheon.

Mrs. Taylor, Executive Secretary, of Philadelphia District, is now away for six weeks in the South, during her absence members of the Committee will share the responsibilities of the office. The First Church of West Chester celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by a six-day missionary conference and exhibit. Fifteen missionaries were present, bringing messages from different countries, several of the missionaries spending the whole six days. Meetings were held for women and children, and popular meetings in the evening. All the societies of Chester Presbyterial Society were invited to attend.

Reports from New York District fall presbyterial meetings are very encouraging. Attendance large and enthusiastic. Consecration to the work of the Kingdom, great loyalty to the policies of the Board, and an eager desire to meet all apportionments have been evidenced everywhere. A greater emphasis on the spiritual aspect of our work has been urged. The call for intercessory prayer means a greater use of the *Year Book of Prayer for Missions* in church services, Sunday-schools, Young People's Societies, prayer meetings as well as missionary meetings. "The evangelization of the world depends first of all upon a revival of prayer. Deeper than the need for men, aye, deep down at the bottom of our spiritless life is the need for the forgotten secret of prevailing, world wide prayer."

A clearly-lettered, challenging chart, placed in a prominent position at a presbyterial meeting read, "The Women of the Church have been entrusted with the task of cultivating the missionary spirit among the young people." Keep this task steadily before your Society this winter.

Are you using the "Standard of Excellence" as a means of measuring the efficiency of your society? 100% is the aim for the year. Send for a copy of the new edition of the Standards.

A furloughed missionary writes: "I do want to meet the women of our churches to tell them what they are doing for my part of China, and I want to take back to my Chinese friends the inspiration of these groups of consecrated American Christian women. I understand as never before, what the Board is doing at the home base and anything I could do to cooperate. I shall consider a privilege." A society which has had a visit from a missionary writes: "The message to our meeting from Korea was inspiring and encouraging to a remarkable degree. You did us an extremely good turn when you sent a missionary nurse to be our speaker."

A visit from a Field Secretary is a great inspiration to a presbytery: "Surely you will want to know the visit of our Field Secretary has proved helpful and inspiring. The deep spirituality of the messages was exactly what our women needed and will have its effect on their work. One probable result is the starting of a Westminster Chapter for our girls. We thank the Woman's Board for sending us such fine help."

The Christmas meeting of New York District will be held on Wednesday, December 7th, at 10:30 A. M. in the Assembly Room, 156 Fifth Avenue. Messages from Syria and Persia by returned missionaries.

Mission Study Classes using *The Kingdom and the Nations* are rejoicing in the timeliness of this text book, bringing as it does much information on the great questions before the Conference for the limitation of Armament. A fine suggestion comes from Syracuse: "Hold a discussion group on *The Kingdom and the Nations* for men and women, on Sunday evenings for an hour just before the regular evening service."

A JUBILEE MEMORIAL

During the jubilee campaign the Woman's Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian Church of Altoona, Pa., made an earnest effort to secure Memorial Gifts and were so successful that nearly nine hundred dollars were received in sums ranging from five to fifty dollars. A beautiful tablet was secured, inscribed with the names of those in whose memory gifts were offered. This is hung in the church parlor. The names are lettered in black on a gold ground and framed in dull gold. The tablet was unveiled with appropriate exercises on October fourth. "1870—Jubilee Memorial, Woman's Foreign Missionary Society—1920," is the inscription over the names. It is planned to continue the memorial fund, if anyone should wish to make a contribution to the society in memory of a friend the name can be added to the list. The expense of the tablet was met by the Aid Society and organizations not missionary.

At the unveiling exercises there were a few words of remembrance of each one whose name was recorded and there was much interest in the occasion throughout the community as well as in the Church. So far as can be ascertained this is the only jubilee memorial tablet in the United States.—A. L. S.

Will some kind-hearted church or individuals please send to Rev. George C. Doolittle, discarded copies of the original Hymnal, published twenty-five years ago? The "Revised" has doubtless supplanted that edition in many churches and homes. He desires to use them in the vesper services attended by the Anglo-American community in Aleppo, Syria, as also by Syrians and Armenians who understand English. Copies may be sent by mail to Rev. George C. Doolittle, American Mission, Aleppo, Syria. Every such copy will add greatly to the efficiency of the work.

Building Colleges for the Women of Asia

Mrs. Henry W. Peabody

It is very wonderful, this story of the realization of longings of the girls of the Orient! Centuries of waiting, then first-aid through women's missionary societies during the decade after the Civil War; girls began to read in India, China and Japan; education progressed under glorified missionary school teachers. Then after fifty years women's colleges and medical schools insisted on their right to existence—not even war could stop them. Before the World War there were possibly three beginnings, now there are seven full-fledged Union Colleges for women, two of them medical schools. They are strategically located in capitals or great cities, most of them affiliated with Universities which is a guarantee of standards and stability, and may even lead to the humbling of the haughty Oriental man who begins to grumble. "We don't want B.A. or M.A., but B.M., and M.M. (Basket Mender and Milk Maid)," urges one of the Heaven-born males, who also protests that college training makes it impossible for a girl to marry until she is twenty-one, "*very, very* old," he adds. He prefers to this aged bride a little girl of twelve or thirteen!

Two of the students in the Union College for Women took the only two first honors in science in Madras last year, and the gold medal in economics this year!

These colleges are to be the source of supply for Christian leaders for four hundred millions of women of the Orient. We *must* have Christian teachers, editors, doctors, reformers, evangelists, educated mothers, if this world is to be made over. You and I cannot do this, even if we would go. These women of the East must face their task and you and I must prepare them in these Union Christian Colleges. They are Union in that each one is maintained by several Boards together, and their students represent even more forms of Christian as well as non-Christian faiths.

Japan has thirty-three universities for men but, with one exception, only this Union Christian institution is of full college grade for women. Last year it turned away one hundred and twenty students for lack of room. The girls of China are in wretched, cold, damp *palaces*. They have the land in Peking and Nanking but no building. The main building at Lucknow lies in ruins. Madras pleads for a new science building, a dormitory and a teachers' college. Vel-

lore turned away last year one hundred and fifty girls who wanted to study medicine, and there are only one hundred and fifty-nine women doctors in all India for these little wives and mothers who may not see men doctors—one hundred and fifty millions of them.

"But is this missions?" asked the editor of a great woman's journal. Yes, thank God, missions raised to a new level, and Christ in these young women is the only hope of glory. They are eager to save their women and children from the horrors laid upon them so crushingly by false faiths. This is our task this year, a task which must summon not only Church women and college women, but men as well, for men cannot build a new world on an illiterate, degraded womanhood.

The Joint Committee on Union Christian Colleges for the Women of the Orient is made up of representatives of Boards supporting these colleges and leading educators, with the addition of the secretary of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, now the Association of American University Women, Mrs. Gertrude Martin of Ithaca, N. Y.

The trustees of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Fund have pledged approximately a million dollars if the Committee can secure two million dollars —not so much to provide seven colleges with land and buildings and equipment, but so hard to get, since there is no great body of alumnae to plead for them.

Last year, notwithstanding stricken Europe and starving China, five hundred thousand dollars were given and the Memorial Fund added two hundred and fifty thousand. Now, if we are to secure the remainder of the conditional gift, about seven hundred thousand dollars, we must get one million and a half pledged this season and paid before January, 1923.

There are seven charming illustrated booklets, with an illustrated circular, which present the colleges and plan of campaign. There are "Bright Hour" pledges, which show the secret of success. There are pageants and posters and "Suggestions," with a lantern lecture. There are State Committees and City Committees, and if you want a *College Day* in your city or town or college, let us know and we will help. There is an office at 300 Ford Building, Boston, Mass., with a chairman of the Building Fund Committee, and a treasurer, Miss Hilda Olson, who reaches out eager hands for pledges and checks. These may be sent also to your own Board Treasurer, who will credit and forward to the fund.

Apply for further information to Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, 300 Ford Building, Boston, Mass., and register for service. for service counts in this campaign as much as money.

Remember, as you turn away from this greatest need of women today, you privileged women and girls—

"He has no hands but your hands
To do His work today."

Do not refuse to help.

Treasurer's Report

RECEIPTS FROM SEPTEMBER 16 TO OCTOBER 15, 1921

The Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

Receipts:			
New York District,	$6,659.65		
Northwest District,	4,885.55		
Occidental District,	1,163.18		
Philadelphia District,	1,708.89		
Southwest District,	$3,251.10		
		$17,668.37	
Annuities,		100.00	
Special Gifts,		77.73	
			$17,846.10

Accumulated Receipts From March 16, 1921, to October 15, 1921

Receipts:			
New York District,	$61,141.91		
North Pacific District,	11,314.71		
Northwest District,	110,541.56		
Occidental District,	27,019.71		
Philadelphia District,	155,667.77		
Southwest District,	31,796.56		
		$397,482.22	
Legacies,		6,206.33	
Annuities,		13,300.00	
Special Gifts and Relief Funds,		6,847.46	
			$423,836.01

LUCY LEPPER, *Assistant Treasurer.*

Subject to slight revision.

DATE DUE

JUL 8 1 1986			

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